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## The Christian Ambassador.

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### OCCASIONAL SERMON,

Prepared before the United States General Convention of Universalists, at its annual session in Hartford, Conn., Sept. 20th and 21st, 1848.

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That the world through him might be saved.—John iii. 17.

This is the ultimate purpose of Christianity—to save the world—not a part of it, but the whole world. And now of no better reason for this than that the whole world was sinful, lost, and therefore needed it.

It is hardly necessary here, perhaps, to consider very fully the nature of this work. The old and more offensive notions upon the subject are rapidly passing into simplified and less objectionable forms. Every essential improvement improves them, very possibly because it could only make them worse. And though there are still errors, many and monstrous errors regarding it floating in vague forms through the popular mind; still there is truth of the learning and talents of the Christian world are rapidly approximating higher and more perfect views. The idea that salvation is a merely commercial transaction—a kind of insurance policy—secured by the sinner against harm from the fires of hell; or payment, by a third party, of the debts of a moral bankrupt, thus freeing the debtor from all previous obligations; as well as many of the opinions that have been substituted for these, can hardly be supposed to satisfy, for any great length of time, minds that are sane and rational upon most other subjects. Indeed they are fast becoming obsolete. Multitudes have already cast them off, and daily is there less necessity for dissecting their pretence or exhibiting their deformity.

The view we have of this matter is an exceedingly simple one. Salvation, in its more important sense, we regard as that process by which a sinner becomes a saint. It embraces his conversion from error to truth; his transition from a life of sin to a life of holiness; his intellectual culture, and growth in perfection; and in brief, his entire deliverance from all the evils that are within and around him. A state of sinfulness, of estrangement from God, is an unnatural, and necessarily an unhappy one. The suffering, struggling soul of man shows that it is not in the condition in which God designed it should remain. Its constitution, its tendencies, and its nature, that true joy can be found only there, assure us that He formed it for the atmosphere of purity and peace.

All things, when in their natural element, are characterized by peacefulness, order, and, if susceptible of intellectual joy. You have seen the bird taken from the freedom of its native woods, and immured within the bars of its narrow cage. Its very organization calls us to the field for which God fashioned it. It is formed to bask in the glad sunshine; to cut the free, airy winds of heaven; to roam at will through fields and woods, and sing out its clear fresh songs from the nest that shelters its nest. And as it pines away in captivity, or beats itself against the bars of its prison-house, it tells us, in beseeching tones, that God never designed it for that condition. It is in an unnatural state; a state that has no harmony with its nature,

and one in which it never, never can be happy. Take the flower from the genial soil, the clear sunshine, the pure air, and the falling shower, and shut it up in the dark and uncongenial recesses of a cellar; and how suddenly and sadly will a blighting change come over it! How will its deeper tints pale to a sickly hue, its gorgeous beauty fade out and even its life pass away! Ruinous, O terribly ruinous is it for any thing in God's universe to be out of the element for which He formed it! The soul of man in sin, in hatred, in rebellion towards God, is like that bird in the anguish and solitude of its confinement; or like that plant shut out from all the invigorating influences that air, sunshine and shower could give it. To change this condition; to take him from that unnatural, and introduce him to his own proper element; to enable him to live reverently and obediently before God, and in harmony and love with his fellow-man—to do this for all men, everywhere, realizes the high purposes of Christ and Christianity,—“*That the world through him might be saved.*”

Probably this work is not fully accomplished in the present life, in the case of any single individual. No one is wholly and entirely saved here. All men die in a state of imperfection. So far, however, as it can be realized in this world, two principal methods are deemed essential. 1st. *By the immediate and direct action of Christian truth on the mind and heart.* 2ndly *by such modification of the external condition of men, as will not only bring them within the reach of the truth, but favor also its redeeming influence and saving power.*

Much has been done, much may be done, by the former of these methods. Indeed, most of the changes which have been wrought by Christianity hitherto, have come from its direct appeals to the minds and hearts of men. Very little have the outward structure of society, its laws, institutions, customs, and practices, been modified as a preparatory work for the Gospel. And the external condition of a people has hardly been changed in any instance by it, except as that truth has first wrought some modification in their opinions and feelings. It has hitherto begun chiefly with the individual soul. It has spoken to that alone. Silently as the foot-fall of time, and yet powerfully fertilizing as the sunshine and the rain, it has accomplished its first work there. There it has reared its temples, planted its altars, and formed its sanctuary and its home. Its great work has been internal. To lay a strong hand upon the passions; to regulate the appetites and desires; to elevate the thoughts and aspirations; to purify the habits and correct the practices; to sweeten the disposition, arouse the affections, direct them heavenward, and infuse moral energy into the soul equal to any emergency; this has seemed to be the first great purpose of Christianity.—And how many of our race, scattered through the ages, has it helped to accomplish this glorious work! How many souls has it thus redeemed and aided on the pathway towards God! With its great truths of the love and pater-nity of the Almighty, the brotherhood of man, and their immortality and final destiny of joy; it has stirred up new hopes and feelings within them, and infused into their hearts new life and vigor. It has done for them what nothing else could have done. It has solved for them the great problems of moral being. It has shown them that the high purposes of human life can be realized only by the discipline, development, and culture of the soul. It has told them that the Divine government is not only based in eternal justice, but pervaded and

guided by infinite benevolence; that high over all the storms of sorrow and the clouds of care, shines evermore the light of Divine love; that the tears of penitence, and of affection even, are but the dews of heaven to the soul; and that in the spirit and love of their Master, they have power to conquer the world and its woes. With these truths in his heart, the disciple of Jesus has felt strong. He has felt that his merely external condition, his position in life, and the circumstances that surrounded him, were matters of comparative insignificance. Let them be of the most unfavorable character, and he could still live truly and gloriously. Let them do their worst, and, as a child of God, he could stand unharmed. He could tread the sorrows and the imperfections of the earth under his feet.—Though a dweller in the world, he would still be above it—beyond the reach of its cares, its dissensions, and its vices—as the mountain, having its basis here, lifts itself high over storm-cloud and tempest, and bathes its brow in everlasting sun-light, while the wild warring of the elements passes on far, far below.

Such has been the effect of Christianity, speaking immediately and directly to the human soul. And it is chiefly by working itself outwardly from thence that it has effected its social and political revolutions thus far. Very few of the efforts of Jesus were directed to the surrounding circumstances and external condition of men. With occasional exceptions, he approached not directly the laws, the governments, the institutions, or the customs of society. Instead of modifying these as an aid to his higher work upon the soul, he confined himself principally to the direct announcement of his truths, leaving these to their natural operations for the accomplishment of the whole work. But although he did not attempt this, by direct means, it would hardly be proper to infer that it should not be attempted. Because no one can doubt that his purposes embraced it indirectly. He saw this plainly among the ultimate results in announcing the truths of his Gospel. He knew what obstacles would stand in the way of their practical realization. And, of course, it was as fully his intention that every law, custom, or practice of society, not in perfect harmony with them, should be swept away, as it was that these truths should grow, flourish, and shed their saving influence over the world.

We might, with more propriety, perhaps, confine our efforts now to the mere work of direct Christian instruction, if the Gospel from our lips could fall with the unction—the saving power with which Jesus, or even his apostles, spoke. They held a wonderful control over the minds and hearts of men. They possessed a mysterious power of infusing their own spirit into those around them. Faith, under their teachings, became an all-controlling reality. Many of their followers were ready to give up all things for Christ; to make any sacrifice He demanded; to endure the wrongs and scorn of the world; bear its persecutions; pour out their blood for His cause like water; and tread the path He had marked out before them, if it led by the cross and through the grave.

Such disciples, however, we are not. Nor do those to whom we speak become such themselves. The truth spoken to us, and that we utter to the world, may be essentially the same as that which Jesus and Peter and Paul preached; its inherent power may be the same, and yet its results seem to be far less efficacious now. Doubtless much of this difference may be attributed to our own defects. We are sadly lacking in many of their qualifications: I mean such as are obviously within our reach. We have evidently far less moral energy than they possessed. We have much more selfishness than they had; less stern, unflinching fidelity; less, far less of that all-conquering faith that will move heaven and earth to attain its object; less purity of life; and less deep, absorbing love for humanity. Our powers might be increased perhaps a hundred-fold, could we but copy

strictly those heroes and martyrs of the early Church. And still I cannot attribute our want of success, compared with theirs, to this cause alone. I think there may be some other reasons for it. The minds and hearts of men may not be as favorably disposed to receive the truth, in the love of it, now as then. And cannot exclude from my own belief the conviction that much of it is owing to their present unfavorable external condition and circumstances. They are surrounded and hedged in with unchristian laws, institutions and customs, and wedded to ungodly habits and practices. Many of the legitimate results of our commercial regulations and many of the rules that govern trade, stand directly in our way. Conventional right is held in higher esteem by many than the morality of Jesus, and human governments of paramount authority to the laws and government of God. These unchristian regulations must be essentially changed before truth can “run, have free course, and be glorified.” Vital Christianity cannot advance a single step but as it tramples these obstacles in the dust. And, as Christian teachers, we must labor under almost insurmountable difficulties so long as these things remain as they are.

By the direct communication of truth from the pulpit and the press, we can reach, with much success, only a little handful of the better class of minds. A very few we may aid in the great work of their salvation, chiefly of those most fortunately constituted, and most favorably circumstanced; in fact, of those who need our efforts least. But the great mass, which far more pressing demands it, are almost entirely beyond our influence. They are living emphatically ‘without hope and without God in the world;’ and, so far as human eyes can discover, are dying in their sins. They are shut out from the immediate operations of the Gospel, and can hardly be reached by the simple annunciation of its truths.

I wish to invest this fact with all the power of reality, and will therefore mention a few particulars.

Can you hope to reach the drunkard, or licentious profligate, by the immediate and direct action of Christian truth? They are in the grog-shops and brothels, not in the churches, as a general thing. And so long as these vicious haunts remain open, so long may you expect victims to people them, in spite of all your churches, your preaching and praying.

And there is the whole vast horde of miserable wretches that swarm in frightful numbers through the lanes, alleys and by-places of our cities and larger towns; filling them with a horrible and unnatural life; the poverty-stricken and the crime-begotten—what is to be done for these? Nothing? You cannot say this and pretend to be Christians. What then? Nothing but preach for them? You may preach for them with all the pulpits in Christendom; as indeed has been the case to some considerable extent, and yet, there they are, glaring out upon you with hideous eyes, or stalking by you with gaunt and spectre-like forms. Preach on till doomsday, and for aught that I can see, in spite of it all, there must this perishing class still remain, multiplying its members, and increasing its Atlas-like burdens that are crushing it in the dust. How can you talk to them of the “bread of life” while they and their little ones are starving for want of food for the body? Christianity has no ready access to their souls. No avenues are open by which truth can immediately reach them. And I see not how there can be without some previous change in the laws that regulate capital and labor, and some consequent improvement wrought out in their external condition.

Then there are all the multitudes that find their way, by various avenues, into our prisons, jails, penitentiaries, and houses of correction: can we hope to save them? Surely, they are of “the world” which Jesus came to save. Yes, thank God! for these same guilty creatures, all conscience-seared and heart-hardened as they are, the Saviour poured out his life-blood! Can nothing more

done to make that sacrifice of vital efficacy to them? Very little probably by direct Christian instruction. But must be done indirectly. We must first change the circumstances that now enwrap them as with a coat of mail. Attention must first be directed to the prevention of crime. Our laws must become still more humane. Our houses of confinement must be converted into moral hospitals, and the work of mere punishment be left more fully to Him who alone can truly estimate human guilt.

Consider other particulars. Can you preach the Gospel to the slave? Will the laws that hold him in bondage allow you to do it? Dare you tell him that "all men are brethren," and that all have but "one Master, even Christ?" Or can you utter the plainest truths of Christianity to the man that pretends to own him? Do it, and he will tell you, perhaps, as one told a clergyman of ours; "I wish not to go to heaven, if his negroes are going with him!" Now I have no hope that the saving power of the Gospel can ever reach their hearts effectually,—the hearts of master and slave,—unless that institution is not destroyed.

Or take another instance. Can you talk of Jesus and his teachings to the soldier; his hands armed for the battle, and his heart panting for the strife? Tell him of the peace-loving, kind, forbearing, and glorious hero, as the highest, our only true example. Speak to him of the precepts as our only guide. Tell him to "love his enemies, and bless them that curse him;" to blazon these words of the Master upon his shield—"Thou shalt not kill;"—to write upon his banner—"I say unto you, that ye resist not evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Will he hear you? Can you make him believe that a single word you utter is the least binding force upon him? No—not so long as the wicked fighting world has assured him to the contrary.

He has no ear for the voice of Jesus. The horrid din of battle, the shouts of the victors, and the groans of the dying; fall with a far sweeter music upon his soul. He needs no preaching can shake off that terrible infatuation. His whole soul is full of murder. The shouts of thousands hurry him onward. His country deifies its great human butchers; and the battle-field for him is the noblest field for ambition; the most certain path to true glory!

Now all these outward defences of the enemy must be attacked; these external walls must be beaten down, before the citadel can be reached and captured. These imperfect laws, these false institutions, and ungodly practices must be done away, or we may give up all hope of approximating a world's redemption here, and never dream again of a millennial era for man upon the earth.

Here, then, is seen the necessity for another mode of operations. Something more than the simple announcement of the truth is essential to savemen. Preaching and praying alone can never do it. There is a great work to be done in changing their outward circumstances, their laws and institutions. These must be so modified as not only to bring all hearts within the reach of the Gospel, but to favor also its saving influence and sanctifying power. Believe that a crisis has arrived which demands it, and that this issue is unavoidable.

To what agencies shall we look for the accomplishment of this great work? How is it to be done, and who is to do it? Surely it is dependent somewhat on human effort. From whom is that effort to come?

I frankly confess to you that I have no hopes here, except from the earnest, persevering toils of liberal Christians, aided by the blessing of God. The old Orthodox Church, Romish and Protestant, seem never to have fully appreciated the true idea of Jesus. It appears not to have understood the high mission of Christianity. Eight hundred years has it had for labor in the great field of humanity, and alas! how little that is really valuable it ever done! For most of that long, long period,

Councils and Synods, and Conventions, and Churches, have been busied with almost anything under heaven, it would seem, but attending to the true work which the Master gave them to do. They appear never to have fully understood its true character, or to have seen clearly what it was. Their attention has been turned chiefly to a false issue. They have been gazing principally at the dim and distant world of spirits, and toiling in reference to some fantastic vision there. The great world here; the world of hard and stern reality, lying under their very eyes; with all its countless millions of perishing souls—perishing not from the wrath of God, but from their own inhumanity—perishing from ignorance, from want of proper culture, from over-much and ill-directed toil, often from hunger and cold, and from oppressions and wrongs inflicted by each other—perishing morally, spiritually; living under the terrible infatuation that hatred is better than love; that war is preferable to peace; that selfishness and revenge are superior to generosity and forgiveness; that man is at best but a curious animal; that his chief good comes from animal appetites and lusts; and that his chief mission and business on the earth is to fight his enemies, overreach his associates in trade, outstrip his companions in the mad chase of wealth and ambition, and finally so bargain with the Church at last as to escape the wrath of God hereafter—such a world,—thus lost and abandoned, with all its deep wants and bitter woes, the old Church seems to have almost entirely overlooked.

I do not mean to say that it has been wholly regardless of what it supposed was man's spiritual interests; but I say that it has mistaken these interests, that it still mistakes them. Instead of believing them to consist chiefly of a true life, a working life, a life of earnest warfare with all wrong, of deep absorbing love for humanity, it has supposed them to be principally embraced in taking advantage of a great Divine act of moral bankruptcy; a strange process that will enable them to evade the demands of Divine justice, and escape the punishment of their wrongs in the world to come. It has not believed that the culture of a man's nature, the harmonious development of his powers, the strengthening of his moral energies, the giving of reason and conscience the supremacy over passion and appetite, and the filling of the heart with a fervent love towards God and man, constituted the great sum of human duty; that man's chief business on the earth was work, hard work; work for the elevation and improvement of himself and his race; work for their moral culture, their true freedom and dignity as children of God; for the correction of their vile habits and low pursuits; for the abolition of their wrongs, their outrages, and excesses—work for their temporal interests even; for their earthly wants, and bitter physical necessities; to aid them in the stern conflict with the hardships and sorrows of human life—this, I say, the Church has never believed. It has never seen nor felt it to be of sufficient magnitude to demand much effort or attention. No—it has had, doubtless, business enough to attend to, that was considered of far more importance than anything of this character. Work?—what pray has the Church to do with any thing of this kind? Has it not had enough of its own business to attend to—preaching, praying and deciding questions of faith? Has it not been busy all its life in theorizing and speculating; in forming creeds and fixing matters of ceremony? Has it not tasked its energies for centuries in deciding the momentous question whether water baptism was absolutely necessary—whether it should be administered by sprinkling, or pouring, or plunging; and whether it should be conferred on infants or adults only? Has it not ever had weighty subjects of this character sufficient to engross its whole attention? And ye have the hardihood to ask that it shall strip off its canonical robes, lay aside its mitres and its musty parchments, and go about some better business that shall more immediately benefit a suffering and dying world. We ask it to copy the great

Master's life; go out into the dusty highways of the world; act out the spirit of the good Samaritan, raise up the fallen pilgrim, aid the steps of the faltering, bear the burdens of the poor, the toil-worn and sorrow-stricken, and do some real work for God and humanity!

Has it ever done this work? Has it ever even attempted to do it? I do not ask whether some of its individual members have done it in their private capacity, or as members of other and different organizations, institutions erected for the express purpose. I do not ask whether Christianity, even in the corrupt forms in which it has been held, has ever done any thing for the true interests of men here. All this is foreign to my question. I ask whether the old Church, as an institution, has ever attempted or ever seen, what was plainly an important part of its real mission among men? Whether it has ever believed it to be an imperative duty to leave all things else, if necessary, and with hard-handed toil, and warm self-sacrifice, labor for the present wants of a sorrowful and perishing world? We know that it has not done this, to any very great extent. It has not done it for even its own members, much less for those who were not. It has been ever sufficiently ready to scent out their heresies, while it tolerated or veiled their vices. It has been always ready with its homilies, its food for the soul, but left them to die for want of food for the body. It would wrap them about with zeal as with a garment, but lift not a finger to give them other clothing: ready always to talk, exhort, or pray with them, and then turn them over to the rude buffetings of the world's waves, to sink or swim as best they might.

Let us consider a few particulars that will serve to exhibit this fact very plainly. Has it ever been known to risk the soiling of its hands by going into the ditch to raise up and rescue the drunkard? No,—it has left that work for the Washingtonians. It has manifested some little anxiety about his soul, perhaps, and would try to get him into the church, after they had picked him up, and washed him, and fed him, and clothed him, but would hardly do even that for him before.

And the poor slave, manacled and sold like a beast in the shambles; his very manhood crushed out of him—what has it ever done for him? O, prayed for him, to be sure—little else. If any thing further was to be done, let the wicked Abolitionists attend to it. They were just worldly and irreligious enough to engage in such matters.

And the long list of criminals—what has it done for them? Very little *for* them, but it has done something *with* them—the very worst thing that could be done—told the sheriff to hang up their bodies, consigned their souls to perdition, and turned away in pious horror to its altars and its prayers.

Then there is the great work of charity, and of mutual relief—what have been its labors of love and mercy here? Has it ever made ample provisions for the poor and destitute? Has it taken to its motherly arms, and cherished and supported a man's family when disease had deprived him of the power of toil? Has it been accustomed to send the kind and attentive nurse and watcher to his bedside, in sickness, when he was unable to obtain these blessings for himself? Or, has it ever fed and clothed and educated and provided homes for his orphan children, when death had taken him to his final rest? We know very well that it has never even attempted any thing of this kind. Indeed, it has cared little comparatively for its own members in this respect. They might be stricken down within reach of the sound of their own church bells, suffer and die, and their families find their way to the almshouses, and it would give itself little more trouble in the case perhaps, than to read the burial service at the funeral. All necessary aid beyond this, they have been left to suffer without, or seek it in other institutions—Benevolent Societies, Odd Fellows' Lodges, or Fourierite Associations.

Meanwhile the old Church has been very busy with affairs that it considered of far graver import—sagely deliberating perhaps on the momentous question, whether "a church can exist without a Bishop"—or possibly whether there is a slight shade of difference between the creed of St. Athanasius, and the opinions of Father Papias!

Now—in sad and sober earnest—has that venerable body been faithful to its true mission here on the earth? Has it ever performed, in any of these respects, or made a single hearty effort to accomplish the work which Jesus the great Master has committed to its trust?

That it has done good—great good even, notwithstanding all its abuses, its corruptions, and its cold unsympathizing spirit, I cannot doubt for a moment. No candid mind, it would seem, can doubt it, that fairly considered its agency in the progress of civilization and the onward march of our race. But it has never done its whole duty, and, in some of the most important respects, I fear, has sadly mistaken that duty. It has been too ready to vest the chief efficacy of religion in a merely nominal or dead faith, when it should have demanded a living one—too eager and watchful in discovering heresy, and too slow in exposing vice—too ready to maintain the pomp of profession, and too negligent in working out the great practical lessons given it by the Master. And this it is, chiefly, I imagine, which has led so many to turn away coldly from its altars, neglect its institutions seek out other means of improvement, other agents with which to work for humanity,—to embody the spirit of their religion in other forms, other organizations; and doubtless has given occasion for the sudden and rapid growth of the many Associations for moral and social reform; and the many Societies for mutual aid and improvement that have sprung up within the last quarter of a century. There was an increasing demand that this work should be attended to. Thousands were clamoring for it; pleading and praying for it, at the hands of the Church. But the Church saw it not—heard it not—closed its eyes and ears, and wrapped itself up in indifference.

How then can we look to it with hope for the future? How can we rationally expect that it will do more for the salvation of man, in time to come, than it has done in days that are past and gone? I repeat it, emphatically, that my hopes rest essentially now on the efforts of liberal Christians, under the blessing of Almighty God. The work is now committed to our care. We have most of it to do if it is done at all. And it has seemed to me to speak more imperatively to our sense of duty now than any and all things else besides.

We have, partly from necessity, done very little towards it hitherto. We have felt it to be essential, in the first place, in order to gain a denominational existence, to confine our efforts chiefly to reforms in the creeds and doctrines of men. Christendom seemed to be full of error—many were getting sick of the very name of religion, and this was our first and most appropriate business. Our strong old men who grappled with those false opinions very soon became eminently successful. Errors vanished before them as the mists of the morning before the rising sun. And although there is still a vast work to be accomplished here, a work which we must keep in progress, yet time in its steady march has essentially changed our condition. We have now gained a very respectable position in point of numbers, talents, and influence. With union and proper organization we can bring a tremendous power to operate upon any cause that may enlist our energies. We have much surplus strength at present that is not needed in doctrinal reforms. We can do much for the great enterprises of which I have spoken. We can do very much for them if we please. And I ask earnestly if we are not under an imperative obligation to do so? We have taken our stand before the world as eminently a reform sect. It is our true position. It was the earliest word written upon

our banners. It formed our first battle-cry. Shall we not be faithful to it now? Shall we be Melancthons? Shall we be Luthers? Shall we copy Peter at the trial of Jesus, or that same Peter, heroic and martyr-like, thundering the truth in the ears of the Jews after his master's resurrection?

The time seems to me propitious—the age, one of such promise. The European world is in a rapid state of transition. Its civil and social elements are laboring with birth-throes for the production of higher and purer forms of order. And in the midst of all this commotion, one great idea seems to be paramount. It forms the principal object of struggle everywhere, however blindly and madly that struggle may be going on. From the toiling chartist in the manufactory or the coal-mine, from the down-trodden, starving peasant of the Green Isle, and the half-insane Parisian mob; there comes to the careful ear a single voice that seems to drown all others. High over all the din of revolutions, the carnage of battle, and the strife of blood, roll the silvery tones of that one clear voice. Two words embody its meaning—Humanity and Brotherhood. The great struggle aims at these, and it will end only when their true meaning and intent are realized. Ours is the glorious task of responding to this general movement in the old World. Roll on the car of a peaceful revolution here. Sweep those anti-christian laws, customs and institutions from our own soil, and show to the world in this model nation, what Jesus meant by the great doctrine of Human Brotherhood. Innumerable voices from every quarter, are calling for it; the voices of the suffering and perishing around us. And though I claim no prophetic power, still I am confident that unless we do this, we shall be false to our true mission; good men will leave us and seek other institutions for toil; we shall rapidly become obsolete; and the kingdom will be taken from us and given to a people who will *bring forth its fruits*.

Finally: let us remember that this work is to be accomplished *through Christ*. It is “*through him*,” emphatically, that “the world” must “be saved.” It is through the spirit and power of Christianity alone, operating directly and indirectly upon mankind, that we can ever hope to see it realized. Try anything, everything else, if you please, and after all you will find that this is the world's last and only hope. No other agent can be found equal to the emergency; no other power sufficient for the task. I can truly say, with that eminent philanthropist, John Howard, who, after a life dedicated to the redemption of fallen humanity, closed his eyes in devout trustfulness, with the declaration, “My hope is in Christ.” Slowly and sadly as His divine spirit has toiled along through the ages of storm and darkness; little comparatively as the earth in its revolutions has approximated heaven; I have all confidence, all faith in Him yet. I have no transcendental meaning here. I offer not to “a Christ of consciousness,” or the Christ of a curiously wrought mythology. I have very little trust in such redeemers. But I look to the real, actual Christ of Christianity,—the Christ of the Gospels, of miracle and of prophecy,—the Jesus who truly lived, labored and died for our salvation. And it is through the power of the truth he taught, the life he lived, and the Divine love he exemplified, that I look for the redemption of a lost world. If this fail us, to me all means are utterly useless.

True science and true philosophy may do much for man. Confined to their proper sphere, they may go far to adorn, and beautify, and bless his worldly lot; but he knows little of the higher wants of the human soul, who dreams that these can ever become a substitute for Christianity. They are but planets that draw their principal light from that great central sun. And without that sun they become meteors,

Of themselves they have little saving influence. They infuse no moral energy into the soul, and without Jesus and His cross can no more redeem humanity “than our torches can illumine and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation.”

Nor can I look with a very hopeful eye to any recuperative energies in human nature, by which it can work out its own regeneration, unaided and alone. I see all men that are left in their natural state—left to their own foolish thoughts and vain imaginings—groping their way in almost utter moral darkness. I see no such energies at work among them. I see no prevailing and efficient tendencies to a better state. I have never found that in the history of any people there were such. In short, I believe that the world needed a superhuman—a Divine Redeemer. It was necessary to human salvation that a new and powerful element should be introduced into the life and affairs of men. Indeed, nothing short of the great love of God, manifested through Christ and his truth, seemed equal to this mighty work. All else had failed, and all else that has ever been tried since has failed also. What shall we do then? Must we utterly despair? Shall we give up all hope of approximating a world's salvation here? Can we look abroad over the earth, its wrongs and oppressions, its deep wants and bitter woes, its strifes, its bloodshed, and its pollutions, and say—this is man's true worldly destiny—at least, no higher earthly condition can be expected for him—God has no greater blessings in store for him here? O, I dare not say so—I will not think so. No—there is mercy, and there is justice in heaven yet. And these, with sweet peace, shall yet come down and dwell with man on the earth. The noblest human minds have looked forward to such a period. Sages have anticipated it—prophets have announced it—and I must believe it. Christ will yet conquer. The world will be saved. The lion and the Lamb shall dwell together, and peace, love and joy follow the golden links of Brotherhood around the world.

I know we are told that the Bible is an old book—that Christianity might have answered very well for a primitive age, but that the world is fast outgrowing it—that it meets not the wants of this era of light, and that new and higher agents are now needed for the salvation of man. But I do not believe one word of it. I find that every great and good work that has been wrought out for humanity, since the Christian era, can be traced back to the influence of Jesus and his religion. There has been no enterprise planned, no institution created, no organization attempted, or reform begun, fraught with the highest human welfare, in which Christianity has not largely participated. And you cannot point me to a single true effort that is now making for humanity that draws not its life-blood from his very source. Go the world over and you shall find it so. Wherever there is a philanthropist toiling, or a true reformer laboring, there the principles and spirit of Christ are at work. Everywhere you will discover that it is through Him alone that salvation comes. There is no other name given under heaven among men by which we can be saved.

Let then the scoffers scoff, the philosophic speculate, and the dreamers dream on, the Gospel to us is the world's last hope. Seize upon its great principles, drink in their spirit; gird them about you as the warrior would his armor, and like the heroes and martyrs of the early church, toil earnestly and faithfully for the salvation of humanity. Time passes rapidly, and there is much to be done. Our old men are leaving us, and our young men cannot last long. Very soon shall the sun set that rises in beauty upon us now, and throw its even-

ing shadows upon the places of our final rest. Toil on then while the day lasts. Toil in faith, in hope, and love; and God from his throne of thrones will smile upon and bless you. Amen.

## THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York :

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

### UNIVERSALISTS AND TEMPERANCE.

Perhaps there is no slander that has been more frequently uttered against Universalists, than that they will do nothing to aid the cause of temperance. For years this shameless slander has been circulated throughout the length and breadth of our country. It has been, times without number, asserted that if our clergy were to preach temperance, and to be active in the temperance reform, the people would desert them, and leave them to preach to empty seats. Mr. Hatfield of this city has repeated this slander so often, that he has wearied the ears of his people. The American Tract Society has incorporated it into some of its libellous publications, which it is perpetually thrusting, by its impertinent agents, into Universalist families; but this unholy persecution is beginning to recoil upon the heads of those by whom it has been carried on. The public have long been convinced, that there are none more fearless and faithful in the temperance cause, than our clergy. From the beginning of this great reform, they have been its bold and unflinching advocates. We have not a wine-drinking minister in our whole fraternity. Can Mr. Hatfield say as much of his brethren? Are there none in his ranks who tippie the wine cup and oppose teetotalism?

We have been led to these remarks by the following notice, which we cut from the Connecticut Fountain, of a temperance address delivered in Hartford, by Br. Soule. No man does more for temperance than he does. He has given himself to the cause, with a singleness of purpose and a spirit of devotion, which have won for him the admiration of all who desire its promotion.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Rev. Mr. Soule, of the Universalist Church in this city, delivered a temperance address at the City Hall, on Sunday evening last. Although the Rev. gentleman apologized for his want of preparation, he delivered an eloquent and highly wrought speech upon the present position and future prospects of our cause. We should like to lay a verbatim report of it before our readers, but we cannot do so. He believed the cause in a more advanced state than it has ever been since the commencement of the enterprise. There is not as much outward show of enthusiasm as characterized it for a time after the Washingtonian movement commenced, but the cause has reached a more thoughtful stage. It was in the days of its burning enthusiasm, like the child who laughs and leaps and shouts in the sunshine, and is hardly sober in the storm. But the child, as it grows up to manhood, grows thoughtful and begins to look beyond the present, to lay plans for the future. It grows strong and thoughtful. A change has taken place in its nature almost. And so with causes. They change their aspects. They have their youthful days of enthusiasm, and they grow more sedate and thoughtful as they grow older. It is thus with the cause of temperance. It has not gone backward.

There are not less of temperate men now than a few years ago. We are not making as much noise as we have sometimes made, but temperance principles are spreading, taking deeper root, and moulding the institutions of society. The wine cup is banished from social circles to a great extent, out of respect to the temperance principle. The teachers of our schools are required to be temperance men, and temperance is taught in our schools, our sabbath schools, and churches. The

press, too, does not plead for intemperance, but a great portion of it advocates the cause, more or less, and stories illustrating temperance truth are published in nearly all of them. These are exerting a silent influence, and we shall soon have a generation upon the stage who will cast out this evil almost entirely from the land. The time will come when no man will be allowed to tread the sacred courts of our Legislature, to frame laws for the government of his fellow men, who is not purged from alcohol.

Rev. Mr. S. made an appeal to the young men, which must have produced a good effect upon their feelings, or they are destitute of sensibility.

The audience was smaller than usual in consequence of the rain, but the most fixed attention was paid to the address, of which we have given but a meagre sketch.

### A PROBLEM FOR PARTIALISTS.

The Orthodox Catechism and confession of faith declare that "all mankind, by the fall, lost communion with God, and are under his wrath and curse." The Methodist articles of belief express the same idea in different words, viz., "Christ died to reconcile his Father to us." The same idea is either expressed or implied in every system of partialism that ever had an existence. It is upon this idea that their entire system is built; and so important do they regard it, that they tell us plainly, that they discover no virtue in Christ's teachings, no merit in his death, and no necessity for it, aside from this fact, that mankind are thus exposed to the wrath of God, and that these things were needed to deliver mankind from the consequences of that wrath. It is for this they preach, and sing, and pray, and perform all their moral and religious duties; and not unfrequently are they heard to declare, that they would not attend to any of these things, were it not that they feel that themselves and others are continually exposed to this wrath, and that they hope by these means to escape its consequences. Now we will not question, in the least, their perfect sincerity in this matter; but the problem that we desire to have them solve for us is this, viz. How that fundamental article of their faith is to be reconciled with the following plain and unequivocal declarations of God's word? "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." John iii. 16. "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. v. 8. "But God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins." Eph. ii. 4. 5.

We might easily extend our quotations on this point, but these we deem sufficient, and these to our apprehension teach, as plainly as human language can teach, a sentiment directly the opposite of that upon which the popular systems of divinity are founded. They present an entirely different view of the teachings and death of Christ, and other and more powerful incentives to the practice of holiness and virtue. In one word, they teach the essential principles of Universalism. So confident are we of this, that we pledge ourselves to publish any argument or explanation that may be sent us, that will show, that the idea of the divine wrath and hatred, can be reconciled with the declarations we have quoted concerning the love of God, and if it shall appear to our mind satisfactory and conclusive, we will agree to renounce Universalism. Who of our partialist friends will undertake to enlighten us on this point?

S. C. B.

BR. T. S. KING.

We learn that Br. King has accepted the invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Society in Hollis St., Boston. As the invitation was given with the understanding that he is a Universalist, and without any restriction as to exchanges, or any other matter, we cannot perceive any objection to the course he has taken. Names are of but little consequence.

## ORTHODOX LIBELLERS.

Some of our orthodox brethren manifest, at times, a shameful recklessness, in dealing with men of liberal opinions. They appear to think it is praiseworthy to lie for the glory of God in other words, to help their cause. The following case, exposed by Rev. Mr. Clapp, of New Orleans, is one of the worst we have ever known. What must be the sense of justice, in the bosoms of men who could be guilty of the wrong here exposed? And what the regard for truth and honor of the denomination which could uphold such men? We copy from the *Trumpet*:

"BR. WHITEMORE:—In your paper of the 5th inst., which came to hand yesterday, you say that a Mr. McClure has accused me of having preached in favor of theatres and other amusements on the Sabbath day. He refers for proof to "*an article in the Recorder*." This article was, originally, I believe in the shape of an anonymous letter, sent to the Editor of the *Recorder*," purporting to come from somebody in New Orleans, and written in the spring of 1836. At any rate, I never saw anything else touching the subject in that paper. In the aforesaid letter it is affirmed, that on a particular Sabbath (mentioned), Mr. Clapp preached a sermon in his Church, in favor of theatres and balls on the Lord's day. A grosser libel was never published. The discourse alluded to, spoke, not in favor of, but directly against these recreations on the first day of the week. In the course of my remarks, I observed, that the desecration of the Sabbath by these military parades and theatrical amusements, was one of the darkest features in the character of New Orleans, and that, when we were obliged, actually, to suspend our services for a few moments, in consequence of the noise made by the troops, with their drums, and files, in passing by the Church, I could hardly realize that I was living in a Christian nation. I remember the discourse was talked about at the time, and was thought unfavorably of by many of the audience, as being altogether too pointed, severe and puritanical.

When the article above-mentioned reached New Orleans, it was read by my friends with astonishment and indignation. They had not supposed that a religious newspaper, the most prominent oracle of the Orthodox party in New England, could be possibly disgraced by such an outrageous injustice and falsehood. They insisted upon my writing a letter to the "*Recorder*," to correct the misrepresentation; and with the particular request that he would do us the justice to publish it. The letter was forwarded, accompanied by certificates signed by several of the most distinguished members of our congregation, designed to set the whole matter before the public in its true light. But its receipt was not even acknowledged. The pious conductor of that paper would not vouchsafe to notice the reply to a base calumny which he himself had endorsed and circulated to my disadvantage. If I had a copy of these documents, I would send them to you for publication.

Never, since my residence in New Orleans, have I uttered a syllable, either in the pulpit or out of it, approving of balls, theatres, and similar amusements, on Sunday. The general views which I have maintained concerning the Sabbath, may be seen in the sermon that I published last Winter on the subject. I have preached to my congregation on this topic, at least once every Winter for at least twenty-seven years. My moral character has never been assailed at home, where I am so thoroughly known. If Mr. McClure will take the trouble to obtain correct information by writing to his Orthodox brethren in New Orleans, he may ascertain with definiteness what my moral standing is in the State of Louisiana. Were my theological sentiments acceptable to Mr. McClure, I presume he would pronounce my moral character unexceptionable:

Yours, &c.,

T. CLAPP.

Blue Sulphur Springs, Va., Aug. 18, 1848.

## MISSIONARY OF THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION.

We learn from a notice in the *Christian Freeman*, that the Boston Association, having failed to obtain the services of Br. Nye, as was at one time anticipated, have extended a unanimous invitation to Br. J. G. Forman, of Dover, N. H. We cordially respond to the sentiment that a better selection could not have been made. When shall we have another Missionary in the N. York Association? Can the Executive Committee give us any light on that subject?

S. C. B.

## THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY AND THE U. S. CONVENTION.

The *Christian Secretary*, published at Hartford, Conn., has the following surly notice of the Convention.

"UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION.—A United States Universalist Convention was held in this city on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. As we did not attend it, we are only able to judge of its numbers as they retired from the Universalist Meeting-House, as we were returning from the Post Office below. There might have been a hundred strangers all told,—but we do not speak positively. As they had no missionary stations for the spread of the Gospel to look after, the time of the Convention was occupied mainly, we learn, in preaching Father Hosea's gospel."

That is very kind! exceedingly Christian! a beautiful exhibition of charity and candor! How did the Secretary know whose gospel was preached? He heard no sermon; he attended no meeting of the Convention. And yet, he pronounces judgment upon the preaching on the occasion. Well, I would as soon hear Father Hosea's gospel as Tertullian's, the first Christian Father who asserted that the torments of the damned will be of equal duration with the happiness of the righteous. He could say:—"How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many kings, worshipped as gods in heaven, together with Jove himself groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquefying in fiercer flames than they ever kindled against Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in raging fire, with their scholars whom they persuaded to despise God, and to disbelieve the resurrection; and so many poets shuddering before the tribunal, not of Radamanthus, not of Minos, but of the disbelieved Christ! Then shall we hear the tragedians more tuneful under their own sufferings; then shall we see the players far more sprightly amidst the flames; the charioteer all red hot in his burning car, and the wrestlers hurled, not upon the accustomed list, but on a plain of fire."

That is the Gospel which the Secretary loves! He preaches father Tertullian's Gospel. He is welcome to preach it. We have no wish for a religion which can give to man a spirit so fiendish as that which actuated the first among the Christian preachers of endless misery.

The assertion that there were only a hundred strangers in attendance is grossly false. There were nearly a hundred present from Springfield, Mass. There were over fifty clergymen present, besides the lay delegates. There were also friends there from various parts of the country.

## LETTER FROM BR. SNELL.

BR. BULKELEY:—It is some time since I have written anything for the columns of your most excellent paper. After I am completely settled in my new home, I hope to make amends, in part at least, for past neglect. The Ambassador is a most welcome visitor to me.

Our prospects here are bright, better than the most sanguine anticipated; congregations are large and seem to manifest an earnest zeal in behalf of the interest of our cause. If Universalists will but live their doctrines, show their faith by their works, manifest it in their daily lives and conversation, no earthly power can stop its rapid advancement, its complete and final triumph over every other doctrine that finds its advocates among men. It will, it must go on, until sin is finished, transgression ended and everlasting righteousness brought in. May we then ever exhibit by our works, our faith in God as a Universal Father, Christ a Universal Savior, and heaven the home of the ransomed family of man.

Yours for the truth,

N. SNELL.

Kelloggsville, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

## NORTH BRANCH ASSOCIATION.

The ministers and delegates of the North Branch Association met agreeably to adjournment at Sheshequin, Bradford county, Pa., on Wednesday the 20th September, 1848.

1. Council called to order by electing Br. GORDON F. MASON, Moderator, and Br. O. H. P. KINNEY, Clerk.

2. Council opened with prayer, by Br. Alfred Peck.

3. The minutes of last session were read and adopted.

4. *Voted*, That the Chair appoint a committee of three to report the preacher of the next Occasional Sermon, the Committees on Discipline and on Ordination and Fellowship, the Delegates to our State Convention, and to report the time and place of the session of this body, for the year 1849.

The Chair appointed Brs. C. G. Gridley, Jabez Fish and E. P. Shaw said committee.

5. On motion the Council adjourned till Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.

## THURSDAY MORNING.

Council convened as per adjournment.

6. Opened with prayer by Br. H. E. Whitney.

7. Minutes of yesterday read and adopted.

8. Committee on Discipline for the past year reported "*No cause of complaint.*" Accepted.

9. Committee on Ordination and Fellowship reported "*No applications.*" Accepted.

10. The Committee appointed yesterday to select a person to preach the next Occasional Sermon, report the standing committees for the ensuing year, &c., made the following report:

1. Preacher of the next Occasional Sermon, Rev. S. J. GIBSON.

2. Delegates to the State Convention:

*Lay.*—Horace Kinney, V. A. Bullock, J. P. Smith.

*Clerical.*—H. E. Whitney, S. J. Gibson.

3. Committee on Discipline:—E. Mason, Giles Peckham, Thomas Wolcott.

4. Committee on Ordination and Fellowship.—J. Kingsbury, H. E. Whitney, S. J. Gibson.

5. Place of Adjournment, Burlington, Bradford Co. Pa.

6. Time of meeting, third Wednesday and Thursday in September 1849. Report adopted.

11. *Voted*, That the resignation of Br. Geo. W. Kinney, as Standing Clerk of this Association, be accepted, and that the thanks of this body be tendered him for the *neat and able manner* he has discharged the duties of his office.

12. On motion, Br. H. E. WHITNEY was elected Standing Clerk in place of Br. G. W. Kinney, resigned.

13. *Voted*, That the thanks of this body be tendered to this Society, and the community, for their very kind and hospitable entertainment on this occasion.

14. *Voted*, That the Clerk prepare the minutes of the proceedings of this body for publication, accompanied with such remarks as he may deem proper, and that they be published in the N. Y. Christian Messenger.

15. On motion, the Council adjourned.

G. F. MASON, Moderator.

O. H. P. KINNEY, Clerk.

## DELEGATES PRESENT.

*Clerical.*—S. J. Gibson, H. E. Whitney.

*Lay.*—C. G. Gridley, Jason Chaffer, of Orwell; Stephen Bullock, Bateman Monroe, Columbia Flats; O. H. P. Kinney, C. H. Ames, Sheshequin; G. F. Mason, S. A. Peckham, Monroe; Thomas Wolcott, R. Hosley, Springfield.

## MINISTERING BRETHREN PRESENT.

Revs. Alfred Peck, T. L. Clark, J. B. Gilman, H. E. Whitney, S. J. Gibson, ———— Coe.

Excellent discourses were preached as follows:

Wednesday morning by Br. A. Peck; Wednesday afternoon by Br. T. L. Clark; Wednesday evening by Br. A. Peck; Thursday morning by Br. ———— Coe; Thursday morning by Br. H. E. Whitney; Thursday afternoon by Br. A. Peck; addresses by A. Peck.

## REMARKS.

Once more have the people of Sheshequin and the surrounding country enjoyed a season of spiritual refreshment. Like all previous associations held in our valley, it was numerously attended by peaceable, devout, and heartfelt Christians. Perfect order and decorum, Christian devotion and brotherly love prevailed during our session. *Unlike* the camp meetings and religious excitements of our partialist brethren in this vicinity, we had no argus eyed police to watch the movements and actions of the crowd. We needed no guard stationed in different parts of the assembly to protect our religious rights. We had no necessity for peace officers to enforce order by the strong arm of the law. The moral force of our Religion keeps everything in order and harmony within its reach. We have demonstrated to the world that *it is the goodness of God that leadeth to repentance, that it is the love of Christ that constraineth us.*

Long will our meeting be remembered by those who participated. May our conduct be such that all who visit us hereafter will be led to say that *Universalism* is really *no misnomer.*

O. H. P. K.

## BR. E. FRANCIS.

This zealous and faithful Brother has removed to Utica, N. Y., and commenced public services in the Mechanic's Hall. He has for several years past been settled in Chelsea, Mass. He leaves in consequence of his health. The east winds were found to be so injurious, that his physician told him that he could not remain there. He was greatly beloved by his people, and his labors have been eminently successful. We hope that he will be equally successful in Utica. Our friends will find him a discreet, devoted and excellent preacher. Br. D. Skinner thus counsels the people in relation to their duty. We copy from the Magazine & Advocate:

"We trust the long slumbering friends of Universalism in this city and its immediate neighborhood will wake up from their lethargy, rally once more around the standard of truth, and encourage and sustain Br. F. in his efforts to rebuild the waste places of our Zion. May each man, woman and child among them consider himself or herself a committee of vigilance and activity, to rouse up the sleepers and get them to attend the meetings—get all their neighbors, and friends, and enemies even, to hear, and especially every member of their own family; get in the habit, the *constant* habit, of attending meetings on the Sabbath. Let no slight or trifling excuse keep them away. There is much, very much depending on *habit* in this respect; and the prosperity of a congregation and the cause depend greatly on the members forming and keeping up *right* habits in this particular. And while on the subject, we would say, that other Societies in this region, and all through the state and country, would do well to heed this suggestion. It would do none of them any harm to get in the habit of attending more regularly and constantly the ministrations of truth and righteousness on the Sabbath day. Every Society and congregation would find itself doubly prosperous by this course. They would all find their pecuniary affairs much easier, their embarrassments less, their spiritual interests advanced, their growth in the knowledge of the truth, and all their Christian virtues and graces promoted.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Parts 59 and 60 of this superb work have been received. It surpasses any Bible ever published in this country. The Parthenon at Athens, in part 59, is a finely executed engraving. David playing to Saul, in part 60, is beautifully executed and a highly instructive engraving. Virtue, 26 John-street, Publisher.

## Foreign Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM BR. BALCH

No. XVI.

BUCKERBERG, July 27, 1848.

Bas:—We were disappointed in Leipsic. It did not equal our expectations. It is a fine city and well situated, but we had rated it too high. The walk about the levelled and shaded ramparts is exceedingly pretty. The streets, though narrow and crooked, are neat and look well, but the houses are high and old-fashioned. In several we counted five stories, and then *four more in the roof*, with attic or dormer windows. Saturday was the market day, and the streets, at an early hour, were filled with women with large baskets on their backs, like packs, filled with all kinds of vegetables. The market-place was soon filled with them, each sitting beside her basket, with various articles spread out for exhibition. I should judge one thousand of these women were present with vegetables, eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, flowers, &c., while others had little stands of goods to sell to the peasants in return. In one street we counted seventy-nine bread stands, on little platforms eighteen inches high, covered with large loaves of black rye bread, some sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter and five or six thick. One stand had sixty-five loaves, another thirty. On an average of fifty, the sum would be 3,250 loaves. In some instances the loaves were piled on the ground. This bread without butter, is the principal food of the peasantry, and is set upon the table of people generally, butter being a luxury of the *better classes*. The bread would be whiter and better if the rye was not permitted to stand so long in the field, nor the dough so long in the trough to *sour*.

Leipsic has long been a place of great trade, and is so still, though much less than formerly. It is the centre of a large book business, the editions of many works in different languages being published here. On account of the cheapness of labor, editions can be published much cheaper here than in England or America. Numerous works in the English language are printed and sold here.

We visited the battle-field where Napoleon's glory, gory red, and sadly wane, and saw where Poniatowski fell in his attempt to cross the Elster, with thousands whose names were less, but souls as great; whose bodies literally choked up the stream and made it overflow its banks.

Having done with the lions of Leipsic, we put out for Dresden, over a well-cultivated plain which extended to near the Elbe, which we crossed at Riesa, over a fine bridge, and cast anchor in the new town of Dresden in three hours at the "Kronprinz." This is called the "Florence of the north;" with that propriety I cannot now say. It is situated on both sides of the river, and is the residence of the Saxon King and Court. Of course, it has all the paraphernalia of royalty in the usual profusion. In some respects it is superior to other places, not in its beauty, size, nor in the splendor of its buildings. Its greatest glory is its gallery of paintings, superior, it is said, to any out of Italy. It has some splendid pieces, perhaps unequalled by any in the world, especially Raphael's celebrated "*Madonna di San Sisto*," the sweetest and most heavenly maintenance I ever saw on canvass. I am no great connoisseur in the arts, but this, with two or three others in the same room, by Correggio—his "*St. Francis*" and "*La Nolle*," &c. did much please me. To describe such pieces is but to tantalize the lovers of beauty, and to anger such as would read without appreciating. It is said 17,000 ducats, about \$35,000, were paid for the former. Here is also Titian's famed "*Il Cristo della Moneta*,"—The Tribute Money; Reuben's "*Descent of the Fallen Angels*" and "*Judgment of Paris*," and

pieces by all the best artists of the old and modern schools. In all there are about 1,200 pieces. It is unfortunate that here, as in Berlin, these paintings hang in a bad light, so bad that it is with great difficulty that a person can get a position in which he can escape the glare reflected from them. A new building is in process of erection to which they are to be transferred. I should mention that numerous copies have been made of all the best pieces, and several of them been engraved. One of Raphael's *Madonna*, just completed, sells for 25 thalers, about \$18. It is a very fine thing, the work of five years.

There is also a Historical Museum here, containing a vast collection of ancient armor for the "horse and his rider" executed in the most expensive style, old furniture, cabinets, goblets, drinking horns, cups, &c., among them another beer-jug of Luther's! preserved with great care; also his *carnal sword*, called "Luther's house weapon;" together with the relics of different times and nations for the last five hundred years. The Museum of Natural History is also filled with curious specimens of minerals, animals, birds, &c. There is also a Museum of Antiquities, a Library, and a collection of porcelain in a building in the New Town, near the railroad station. The bridge across the Elbe is considered one of the finest in Europe. We think it hardly equal to some in England and Scotland in some respects. There are several elegant churches, in which is excellent singing, recommended by everybody, though nothing is said of the preaching. That in the Schloss or Court Church is the most celebrated, being performed by the Opera band, which is transferred from the theatre to the church; and, one man said to us, the music is precisely the same. We heard but a small sample of it the Sunday we were there. This is a Catholic church, and is *fashionable*, though thinly attended. The royal stalls are two on each side of the pulpit, in the galleries inclosed by windows, surmounted by crowns.

Church-going is not fashionable in Germany, for prince or people, Protestant or Catholic. Sunday is rather a holiday for all classes. In a former letter I expressed my surprise at what I saw at Eilsen. Had I waited longer I might have said less. I never saw a more excited time in New York on a 4th of July, than in Hamburg the Sunday we were there. The streets and walks were crowded, the coffee-houses and gardens thronged, and, at night, everybody was out to see the illumination. The theatre was open, and several ball-rooms resounded with music, dancing and merriment. The same is common in all other cities—except the illumination in honor of Duke John! Royalists are willing to make no illumination for him unless it be with gunpowder in guns aimed at him or his friends. But there was no more respect paid to the Sunday in Dresden. It was a day of recreation. These Germans take great delight in resorting to the numerous tea-gardens in and about their cities. Multitudes assemble, of men and women, young and old, and sip their tea, coffee, beer and wine, though not so often the last, and smoke and chat. Sometimes the whole people in a room or area under the trees will be enveloped in smoke, ladies and all; nobody ever imagining that to puff tobacco smoke in another's face for half an hour is at all impolite or disagreeable. I have not, in all Germany, ever heard the question asked whether smoking was offensive. It is the custom of all, and to object would be to defy the tumult of the sea.

From Dresden we took steamboat for Weiklau, on a visit to the Saxon Swiss. The ride up the Elbe is very pleasant. The river here is about the size of the Connecticut at Springfield, or the Hudson at Troy. On our way we passed the house in which Schiller resided when he wrote his "*Don Carlos*." It is situated on the side-hill above the little village of Laschwitz. On the other side of the river is the village of Bloschwitz, where Schiller used to go over and spend his evenings, and drink beer in the shop of a humble citizen, whose pretty daughter

ter won the particular attention of the poet. His advances were sternly repulsed, and so, to make amends, he introduced her into the camp of Wallenstein as a settler, under the name of "*Gustel of Blowitz*." It is related that after the appearance of the work, the poet ventured a revisit to his old haunt, when he met a rather rude reception at the hands of the fair maid. A little further is shown the house in which Von Weber lived, near the village of Haswitz. The monument erected in memory of the first German actress of any celebrity is pointed out as marking the place where she was buried, having been refused a resting place in the common grave-yard on account of her "occupation." Farther up is Pillnitz, the royal summer residence, with its palace built somewhat in the Byzantine style, immediately on the bank of the river,—a very pleasant town for the summer. Along the terraced hill on the north of the river are planted numerous vineyards. In one of these stands the house of Schiller before noticed. One of them is the King's vineyard, in which he has a large house where he stops some weeks in spring.

The banks of the river are paved in many places to preserve the shores and prevent inundations. Though the meadows are not large they are worth sowing. At Pittna, a large village with an old fortification, now used for an Asylum, the hills contract, and leave barely space for the river and a foot path on each side with houses set into the hills. Along the south bank a railroad is being built, which is to unite Prague and Dresden. The scenery here begins to grow extremely wild and romantic.

W. S. B.

## REMOVALS.

Br. L. B. Mason, of Lebanon, N. H., has received and accepted an invitation to the pastoral charge of the Second Society in Lowell, Mass. In a letter, received at a recent date, he says: "No one could leave a people with more sincere regrets than I do my friends in Lebanon, but I believe the circumstances justify the separation. Here are true friends of our cause and of its representatives. May the great Shepherd give them a faithful minister. For the present I shall continue here."

Br. R. K. Brush, has resigned his pastoral charge in Huntington, Luzerne Co., Pa., and has received and accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Pottsville, Pa. Communications intended for him should be directed to the latter place.

Br. T. C. Eaton, of Marietta, Ohio, has returned to Fredonia, N. Y., his old residence, and desires to be addressed accordingly.

Br. W. R. G. Mellen, of East Cambridge, Mass., has received and accepted an invitation to take charge of the Universalist Society in Chicopee. He is one of the most talented and faithful young men in the ministry, and wherever known is respected and esteemed for his many excellent and amiable qualities. We congratulate our friends in Chicopee, on their good fortune in having obtained the services of such a man to be their minister; and devoutly do we pray that their union may be blessed to their mutual advantage.

REV. MR. BURNAP'S WORK.—Crosby & Nichols, of Boston, have just published a work containing seven Sermons from the pen of Rev. George W. Burnap, Pastor of the Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Md. They are answers to some of the popular objections to Unitarianism. Mr. B. is a well instructed theologian and an able writer. He is the author of several popular works, and is regarded as one of the first clergymen of his denomination. The work before us is fearless and plain, and deals with the opponents of Unitarianism in a straightforward manner. It is for sale at the store of Francis & Co., Broadway.

## GOOD ADVICE.

We find the following excellent words of advice in the "Religious Instructor." It is to be hoped that none of the subscribers to the Messenger need them, and if such should prove to be the fact, this number of the paper can be loaned out to such as do need them, and who have no method of supplying themselves with reading but by borrowing of their neighbors. It is a fact, we believe, that men who take a religious newspaper generally treat their wives well.

HUSBANDS. Assist your wives in making home happy, preserve the hearts you have won.

1. When you return home from your daily avocations, do you find your habitations alluring? Do not sit down in a corner silent and sullen, with clouded brow, and visage repulsive! Meet your beloveds with a smile of joy and satisfaction! take them by the hand.

2. Never indulge in coarse, harsh, or profane words. These to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibility, are exceedingly disgusting, and tend to grieve her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips; write it upon the table of your heart. Modesty and virtue are gems of priceless value; keep them polished like burnished gold.

3. Husbands, be exceedingly cautious never to say or do anything that will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked attention than when alone.

4. Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others; make them your confidants; confide in them, and they will confide in you; confidence begets confidence, love begets love, and sweetness begets sweetness.

5. Above all, sympathize with the wives of your bosoms in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek the falling tear of sorrow?

6. Finally; husbands, remember that death will soon sever the conjugal chord! When you behold her, with whom you lived, and toiled, and wept, and rejoiced, cold and lifeless, laid in the coffin:—

"Think of the happiness so deep and tender,  
That filled thy heart when wandering by her side;  
Think how her faintest smile had power to render  
The darkest moment one of love and pride.

"And now that this frail form in death grows colder,  
A sweet, calm rapture fills the parting hour,  
That thou art with her, though a sad beholder,  
A witness of the dear Redeemer's power."

Will you then regret that you studied *always* to promote her happiness? that the law of love and kindness dwelt on your lips *evermore*? Oh, think, and be now her ministering angel.

CHRISTIAN SONGS.—We acknowledge the reception of the third edition of this book of poems from the pen of Rev. James Gilborn Lyons, L.L.D., published by George S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia. The work is handsomely printed, and contains many very beautiful pieces, which if not rich in imagery are graceful in diction, and if destitute of power to stir the deep emotions of the heart, are full of fine sentiments. We are not surprised that a work like this should have reached its third edition. It is worthy a place in every house. The following verses from a piece entitled "The Flowers of God," are beautiful:

"The welcome flowers are blossoming,  
In joyous troops revealed;—  
They lift their dewy buds and bells  
In garden, mead and field;—  
They bask in every sunless path  
Where forest children tread;—  
They dot like stars the sacred turf  
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind,  
That stirs the blooming trees,  
And laugh on every playful bush  
All full of toiling bees;—  
From the green marge of lake and stream,  
Fresh vale and mountain sod,  
They look in gentle glory forth—  
The pure, sweet flowers of God."

## NEW CHURCH IN BROOKLYN.

Our friends in Brooklyn have purchased a lot for the erection of a Church. It is located on Monroe place, on the corner of Clark-st. It is a most desirable situation. It is in a central part of the city, and on a good street. The Church will be commenced forthwith. It will be a neat and substantial building, and with the lot will cost from \$20,000 to \$25,000. We congratulate our friends on the success which has attended their efforts. They have acted with great unanimity and energy, and have manifested a zeal and liberality worthy of all praise.

## BLEECKER STREET SABBATH SCHOOL:

At a meeting of the teachers connected with the Sunday School attached to the Bleecker Street Universalist Church of this city, duly convened and holden in the school room of said church, on Sunday morning, Oct. 8th 1848.—

The Committee appointed at a previous meeting, to draft resolutions in regard to the recent visit of the School to the "Panorama of Taylor's Campaign in Mexico," submitted for the consideration of the members, the following preamble and resolutions, which, after a brief discussion, were unanimously adopted.

*Whereas*, Messrs Sherman and Tousey, having very kindly and generously tendered to the Sabbath School attached to the Third Universalist Society of New York, an invitation to visit this Panorama of General Taylor's campaign in Mexico; and whereas, the school having accepted said invitation, and in the opinion of the teachers derived much pleasure and instruction from attending the exhibition; and whereas such exhibitions are, by a large class of our community, considered very injurious in their tendency, by portraying the success and glory of military prowess, and thus infusing a spirit of war in contradiction to the spirit of Christianity; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the portrayal of the troubles, trials and privations of an army thus circumstanced, together with the beauty and sublimity of the natural scenery, and the exemplification of moral heroism in overcoming the obstacles there continually presenting themselves, are calculated to awaken the mind from a tame, slothful and inactive habit, to the contemplation of the Spiritual; and give to the mind faith in heroic action, whether in moral or political exertion.

*Resolved*, That we deem the exhibition of such Panoramas, a useful medium of communicating correct information; and well calculated to impart to the mind, more especially of the rising generation, a true conception of the particular scenes and events they are intended to represent.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the School be presented to Messrs. Sherman and Tousey, as the most efficient tribute of our respect and gratitude.

*Resolved*, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in the "Christian Ambassador" and "New York Christian Messenger."

GEORGE GILROY, *Chairman pro. tem.*

VREELAND MOORE, *Secretary.*

HOGARTH: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.—J. S. Redfield, Clinch Hall, has published a most entertaining work on Hogarth. It contains nearly forty engravings taken from his masterly reproductions. The criticisms are excellent, and admirably suited to instruct the reader. We have seen no little work, for some time, with which we have been more pleased. The engraving of Gin Lane would do for several lanes in this city, and there are not a few whom we daily see, that bear a strong resemblance to the principal character of Beer-street. His idle apprentice is admirable; but we regret that there are many now living of a similar character. We would recom-

mend Hogarth's illustrations to their attention. In them they can see the road they are pursuing, and its fearful end.

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY.—The October number of this excellent periodical has been received. The articles from the pen of the editor—the first entitled, "Rise and Prevalence of Unitarian views among Universalists," the second entitled "Nicodemus,"—fully sustain the high literary reputation of the author. "MY SLEEPING CHILDREN," is the title of a touchingly interesting poetic article from the accomplished pen of Mrs. Sawyer, which we shall lose no time in transferring to the columns of the Messenger. Besides these we notice an ably written article on "The Idea of God and the truths of Christianity," bearing the well-known initials T. S. K.; one on "Art and its Relations," by G. H. B.; one on "The Inspiration of the Scriptures," by J. S. L.; two well-written articles, "Silent Eloquence" and "Emily Plater," by L. J. B. C. The editor's table is filled with an unusual variety of book notices. The present number closes the volume. No work now published has a greater claim upon our people. We would, therefore, most cordially commend it to the patronage of the denomination.

UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.—The October number of this useful Monthly has been received. It contains besides several excellent articles, one from the pen of Rev. Peter Benson, whose articles have attracted great attention. There is also an engraving of the Church in Gloucester, and a history of the Gloucester society. Brs. H. Ballou, A. C. Thomas, R. S. Pope, and Rev. Thomas Whittemore are among the writers of the number.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—We have received the October number of this Monthly. It contains its usual variety of rich and useful articles. The Repository is devoted chiefly to the interests of the ladies. Its list of contributors is large and embraces some of our best writers.

Br. E. C., Jr., is informed that his last article came to hand in due season, and will appear shortly. We shall be happy to number him among our regular correspondents.

## STONINGTON LINE TO BOSTON.

We are not surprised to learn that this line is doing a great business. It has splendid boats—the Vanderbilt and Connecticut—which are both under the charge of experienced and obliging officers. They are always in an admirable condition, and set an excellent table. The cars from Stonington to Boston are roomy, and under the charge of gentlemanly and prudent conductors. The road is very superior, and the distance is generally run in about three hours. The Stonington route is the shortest, and performed the quickest of any to Boston.

☞ Hampden is the only county in Massachusetts, which sanctions the liquor traffic.

☞ Garrick said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "O!" as Whitefield did.

A CRITERION OF SOBRIETY.—In a case at the assizes in Newcastle, the landlord of the Beeswing was asked to define the condition of a foolish old man, who had been robbed while he was tipsy, and replied, "He had drink, but was qualified to call for liquor, and pay for it;" which, said Mr. Otter, was a landlord's criterion of sobriety.—*Gateshead Observer.*

Hon. Wm. J. Graves, for many years a member of Congress from Kentucky, died on Wednesday of last week. He was a whig candidate for president elector.

## Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

### THE BIBLE.

BY C. C. H.

Holy Bible, book of ages!  
Golden streamlets are thy pages;  
Casket of immortal treasure,  
Who thy peerless pearls shall measure?

Who shall taste the bread it giveth—  
Manna pure, that ever liveth?  
Great Physician—Death defying,  
Balm for wounded, sick and dying!

Who shall roam thy sunlit bowers,  
'Mong the green leaves gemmed with flowers?  
See them blooming, ever bringing  
Beauties new, perennial springing?

Who shall climb the holy mountain,  
Who shall quaff the living fountain—  
Fountain ever full and free,  
Gushing forth from Calvary?

Who shall wear the robe of whiteness,  
Blazing like the sun in brightness!  
Spotless, pure, and freely given,  
Vestment dipt in light of heaven?

Book of books, divine thy story;  
Who shall shine in realms of glory—  
Sit exalted, crowned in beauty—  
Sing the song of Love and duty?

They who are pure from sin's dominion,  
Soaring high on Hope's broad pinion—  
He who lives by faith and love,  
Calm and peaceful as the dove.

He alone shall read thy pages,  
Holy Bible, book of ages;  
He alone thy pearls shall measure,  
His alone th' immortal treasure!

New York, 1846.

### THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The lark went up to heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap who was standing at the window, waved her adieu, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived, a better, prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school), fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realized our early dreams, those bubbles bred in an a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation

took Lucy away, to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? Who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That she will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being water-proof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The green-grocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask after the child that was scalded—a frightful accident that—or whether his eldest girl was at home yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Marten," retorted Dame Wringlelin on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss—Miss, I forget your name—" Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependent, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff. if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my dishabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance, "are you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous: you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robt. Smith.

I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Precilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, ma'am?" replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of play-house thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell me," replied the lady. "You know of course—the pretty Italian poem with the play-house name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy* ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if it's a comedy, it should'n't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Commedia* was not play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliff was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfillment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do that, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for her heart measures the hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water-soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad, too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best not to tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hinchliff's never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease; she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I—I was unable to run them through last night, ma'ma," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are not ready with those quadrilles again, Miss

Hinchliff;" exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy, appealingly.

"Of course, I will take all this into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one——"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practice the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend, whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation, brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which there are so many faces and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer a widower, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed into lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, pondering much over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to do, who being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantel-shelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly. No. He wore a brand new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides—in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. "I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, miss,—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand-a-year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the moon; and I think and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we live in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you think two hundred pounds a-year, and a room of your own, enough, it is yours to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children. Do I un-

derstand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes miss, if you please; and if two hundred a-year would satisfy you, why—why its done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and enquired after Billy, who was scalded? Yes; for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not, but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* toll-keeper, and looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

### GOD OUR FATHER.

Air—Sweet Afton.

My Father is God, and his goodness to me

It passes the compass of language to tell;

Eternal, unchangeable, boundless and free.

Was child ever loved by a parent so well?

Yet oft in the ways of rebellion I rove,

'Till in the dark waste I no solace can find.

He pours in my heart the sweet balm of his love;

Was ever a father to rebel so kind?

When far in the wilds of transgression I strayed,

'Till faint and o'erwearied I sunk in despair,

He opened a fountain—spread o'er me a shade,

And cherished my spirit with fatherly care.

And still he is nigh me, to aid me full soon,

When darkness and sorrow my comfort invade;

His smiles shed around me the brightness of noon.

O, when was such love by a father displayed?

Nor does it content him to bless me below;

For greater displays of his mercy I'll see;

For when from this scene of affliction I go,

A mansion of bliss he has ready for me.

And there, near his throne, where is fullness of joy,

I shall in his image eternally shine;

To love and adore him my blissful employ.

My God, was there ever such goodness as thine?

## JOURNEY OF THE MOON ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

### PART I.

The moon rose. It was the night when her journey was the longest, and the immutable laws of universe required it to be performed within a certain time. She had not a moment to lose. Under the eye of her maker, and grateful for her being, she had always continued, and it was her intention ever to continue in the path of duty. She knew it was also the path of happiness. She saw the wonders of creation. She worshipped Him who made them, not with a loud voice, but with a silent performance of his will. She was in her allotted place at all hours and seasons. Sometimes she was obliged to toil unseen, but she knew He saw and she never paused. Sometimes she was lost in the stronger light of the sun, but she went on cheerfully. Now she was eclipsed by the very earth on which she bestowed her beams, but, when she emer-

ged from the shadow, there was no envy upon her patient face and when in her turn as on the present night, she arose broad and full, the queen of that starry kingdom, rivaling the splendor of the sun and surpassing him in beauty, she looked from her throne with meekness and modesty, and smiled as kindly upon every streamlet and little flower as on the mountains or the sea. She knew that God had given her to mortals as a blessing and an example—that it was her task not only to cheer the night, but to afford a lesson to the human race, of humility in triumph, of cheerfulness in gloom, of perseverance in moral right, of trust in Him who launched her on her path, of resignation, modesty and patience, of disregard of enemies, of gentleness and goodness to all.

"Poor, dark earth!" said she to herself, as she rose above the horizon, "how glad I am that my beams are agreeable to the beings now lost in shadows. Poor, dark earth! I will cheer you if I can. My heart is full of love and kindness. It is delightful to make people happy."

"Come on, come on!" said an astronomer, who from his observatory on the top of a mountain, caught her first beams through his glass. "Come on, come on, I have been waiting here this half hour!"

"I am coming as fast as I can," said the moon, quietly; remember, my good sir, I am leaving other countries, who perhaps, may think I move too rapidly."

"Hold thy face still," said the philosopher, "I must get a good look at thee."

"As thou pleasest," said the moon, "but what hast thou in thy hand?"

"A telescope. I am studying the spots on thy disk. I am taking a drawing of them."

"As thou pleasest," said the moon, without changing countenance, though a female might be pardoned for disliking her beauty to be thus scanned and its defects discovered through a magnifying glass.

"I declare," said an attendant star, almost invisible among the crowd, "I would go down again before I would permit such impudence."

The moon continued on her course.

"Sdeath!" said a comet—a temporary visitor in our sphere, and turning red with rage, "what an impudent fellow! I would withdraw my beams."

"They are only borrowed," said the moon modestly, "and they are lent me not for my own use, but for that of the earth." And she went on and on.

"I'll mar thy beauty, hateful intruder!" said a hoarse voice, and a dark mist arose and overspread her brightness.

"What's all this?" said the comet.

"I am going out," said the star indignantly.

"It's nothing at all," said the moon. "It's a cloud, a vapor a thing that comes and goes. We must not expect our duties to be always agreeable. This poor, ignorant mist is much improved in appearance by my light, but he does not know it, and always strives to injure me who am willing to be his best friend. He's a very silly fellow. He darkens me sometimes to the people near him, but I soon rise above his reach."

"Fire and brimstone!" said the comet, "is this your boasted earth? I've a great mind to put about and go back to my own sphere."

"Nonsense!" said the moon, smiling sweetly, "you travelers are always in such a temper. This is a mere trifle after all."

"I don't know what I am to see on my journey, or how the people below are to see us, if this great cloud keeps between us and the earth all night."

"Pray don't be uneasy," said the moon, "we shall be beyond his reach in ten minutes."

"Back! back!" growled fog, "you are an impudent impostor, and I'll do all I can to injure you. If I cannot destroy you, I'll at least hide your beams."

"A pretty fellow!" cried the comet, looking red again with anger. "Pray, what reason has he to hate you so?"

"Oh, because he's a fog, I suppose," said the moon. "Don't mind him. He would do the same to the sun if he dared. See! we are already beyond him. You can just hear him muttering. Hark!"

"An impudent, good-for-nothing creature," said the fog to the earth and rocks of a marshy valley. "She has no brightness. She never shines. She never does her duty. She goes about abusing me. She is a slanderer and a liar. I hate such characters. She never gives the least light upon the earth. We want something that will give us light—like the sun."

"No light!" said a little flower. "Why how you talk! Everything is illuminated. The brook glitters, the hills shine; how silvery and soft are even these rough rocks. Even you—"

der ditch looks clear, and you yourself, Master Fog, are painted with brightness by her beams."

"Her beams, indeed!" said the fog.

"Her beams!" echoed the ditch; and the poor little flower was so set upon for saying that the moon was bright, and the glitter in the ditch came from her rays, that she had no peace the rest of the night. There were even some flowers who would not keep company with her—on account of her opinions. There are sycophants, fools, and toad-eaters in all societies.

"What makes you so sad?" enquired the comet, as they jogged on together.

"I see such things on earth," said the moon with tears in her eyes.

"It's a mean place, in my opinion, that's a fact!" said the little star.

"What's that fellow about?" said the comet.

The object of which he spoke was a farmer.

"He seems angry," said the moon, "and shakes his fist at me."

"Hark!" said the comet.

"It all comes of thee, thou cruel and unkind orb," said the farmer.

"What have I done?" inquired the moon meekly.

"One of your high tides has carried off my cow!" replied the indignant farmer. "Why do you thus interrupt the affairs of the earth?"

"My good friend," said the moon, "you should not make me answerable for such accidents. I have extensive duties to perform. I do them as well as I can, and I learn from him who set them for me, that he is contented with the manner in which I perform them. Do not forget the good I do. I light all the earth?"

"Don't talk to me," said the farmer; "give me back my cow!"

"I govern the ocean, I cheer the traveler, I aid the navigator on the trackless sea, I soothe the lover, and inspire the poet," said the moon.

"Don't come to me with such a pack of lies," said the farmer, "but give me back my cow. I judge of things by their effects. 'Deeds, not words!' that's my motto. A tree is known by its fruit. Mistress Moon, and there's Scripture for you!"

"Do you think I have your cow?" inquired the moon.

"Yes! I do. So fork, out or I'll—"

And the enraged old curmudgeon again shook his fist in the face of his uncomplaining mistress, with a great many threats of how he would revenge himself.

"Oh, ho!" said the comet, "is he going to beat us?"

"Only think, beat us!" said the little star, twinkling as brightly as it could beside the comet.

"I think it will be a rather long time," said the comet, spreading out his tail half across the heavens and assuming a look of importance, "before the fogs, ditches and foolish farmers will be able to do much harm to us folks up here."

The moon said nothing for a moment, but a shade passed over her face, as she at length replied:

"Master Comet, you are mistaken. You—a traveler, a soldier and a mere visitor, may not mind them, but I am forever confined to this sphere. The farmer cannot actually beat me, but he can slander and insult me before those on earth who love me, and whose feelings will be hurt by it. Some of them too—simple, innocent things, half believe what they hear. Slander is so odious that it wounds even the queen of heaven, though it never interrupts her course. I know that, before mortals, I am often clouded and stained, and it had given a sadness to my character which even in my most serene moments I cannot shake off."

"But, cried the Comet, 'can't you alter it? Can't you appeal from it? If it were I, I should put heaven and earth in a blaze, but I would have redress.'"

"No," said the moon, "it is the fate of virtue upon the earth and complaint would only make it worse. Virtue without patience—without a trust in Him, would be but ill-fated for its mortal career. But I have this great consolation, that by a continual fidelity to the path allotted to me, the good, the wise, the gentle, the warmhearted, learn at length to know and to love me. Even (for so they whisper) the very clouds which shade me, give to their friendship something more deep and touching. I seem brighter when the envious vapors pass away. They love me more because mean, cold, and selfish people have striven to injure me in their estimation. It is discovered at last that even when most wrapped in cloud—when most assailed by storm—when the thunder shook the spheres and seemed to away—to fright me from my orbit, it is discovered at last, that I have not wavered—that I have been always in the path of duty; that even when I wept, that when the mists seemed to blot me from the face of heaven, I have kept calmly on my

course, putting my trust in the laws of right, in the reward of truth, in the ultimate ascendancy of moral goodness decreed by Him who bade his creature trust in Him through all."

"That's the way we do," said the little star, who had profited by the good example of her companion.

"Curse her!" cried a voice, ascending from the solitary streets of a vast city. "Why must she come with her detested beams just at this moment?"

And a murderer, with an unsheathed dagger, skulked back into a black shadow, enveloped in his broad hat and mantle.

"Curse her!" growled a hyena, starting from a new grave, as a traveler, by the broadening light discovered and fired a pistol at the guilty coward.

"Hoot, hoot!" cried several voices. They were from owls.

The moon knew they hated her; but she kept on.

Presently a lean hound howled at the calm visitor, and awakened the inhabitants of the barn-yard. A bulldog bayed, and a puppy screamed and barked.

"What is it?" said the horse, poking his thoughtful face out of the stable window; "what's all this racket!"

"It's the moon," said the bulldog. "She's going to steal our bones."

"She wants to get into my house, said the puppy. "But I'll not turn out;" and he set up such a yelping as never before was heard.

The lean hound howled again.

"It's she that keeps me lean," said he. "She's jealous of my swiftness. She slanders me to our master. He kicked me out of doors yesterday. Oh! how my ribs ache! It all comes of her. If not her who is it?" And then he howled at her till the hills echoed.

No one could answer this query. But the horse said—"You are a set of fools. The moon cares nothing, and knows nothing about you."

"Hustle him out!" said the ass, with a grave and dignified look. "He means to insult us."

And with that, there was a clamor in the barn-yard enough to awaken all sleepers.

"Is this the path of virtue?" demanded the comet.

The moon was silent, but went on calmly.

"Are these your only rewards?" repeated the comet.

"Oh, no!" cried the moon.

"Show me something, then, more encouraging; or I shall think your earth a very odd sort of place."

## Secular Department.

### FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The United States Mail Steamship Hermann, Captain Crabtree, which left Southampton on the 20th of September arrived here on the afternoon of the 4th inst. making the trip in fourteen days and two or three hours.

The Hermann, brought 145 passengers.

#### IRELAND.

DUBLIN Sept. 18.—The account which reached town yesterday from the disturbed districts of the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, and Tipperary, state that the large bodies of insurgents which, in the early part of last week, had assembled on various points in the neighbouring mountains, were all broken up into small parties, mustering generally from 40 to 50 men.

These guerilla parties continued to traverse the country, and contrive to avoid coming into collision with the police, or the military parties who have been despatched against them.

The potato disease is fearfully increasing along the Irish Coast.

#### RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg announces the marriage of the second son of the Emperor, and the increase of the army by 215,000 men.

#### ITALY.

Letters from Leghorn of the 9th inst received by the Courier de Corse, which arrived at Marseilles on the 13th inst., announce that the city of Messina has been reduced to ashes.

It is stated that on the 8th inst., after bombardment which lasted two days, the city was fired by congreve rockets. The inhabitants then abandoned it and fled into the country. The Neapolitan troops immediately landed and took possession of the burning town.

It is added that the inhabitants of Messina previous to their

departure had minded the city, and when the Neapolitans entered it the mines were sprung, and many Neapolitan were blown into the air, together with the burning ruins.

#### ITALIAN WAR.

The *Augsburgh Gazette* of the 11th contains a letter, dated Vienna, 8th inst. which states that "all well-informed and influential men believe, that although Austria has accepted the offered mediation of France and England, she is determined not to cede an inch of her Italian territory."

Warlike preparations continued to be made with great activity at Turin. The Austrians were said to be equally on the alert.

#### THREE DAYS LATER.

The *Cambria*, Capt. Harrison, with three days later intelligence from all parts of Europe, arrived at Boston on Friday the 6th inst.

From the London Globe, Sept. 22.

#### FRANCE—GLOOMY PROSPECTS.

PARIS, Thursday noon, Sept. 21.

It is almost impossible to describe the gloom which has gone over the public mind here. Everybody seems to think that Gen. Cavaignac and the National Assembly will find it impossible to establish the Republic, and yet nobody knows how it is to be got rid of without a conflict in which none of the friends of order are willing to engage. If it is to be overthrown, it will probably be by some sudden outbreak, probably a military conspiracy.

The intentions of Gen. Cavaignac are believed to be excellent, and such a Republic as he would give us, the enlightened men of the country would willingly accept; but they have not the energy required to second his efforts.

The great obstacle in the way of the Republic is the peasantry. The men who proclaimed the Republic in obedience to the orders of some 15,000 or 20,000 of the population of Paris forgot that although they might get up a good deal of enthusiasm in the city and in a few of the large towns of the provinces, the agricultural populations who are by far the most numerous, must be consulted at last. The farmer has had 45 per cent. more to pay in taxes, and the farmer's man has his wages reduced to enable his employer to pay the taxes. Put your hand into his pocket and draw out his earnings to pay for the Republic, and then see whether he will support it.

#### GERMANY.—BLOODSHED IN FRANKFORT.

A sanguinary insurrection broke out here upon the ending of Sunday last. Upwards of thirty barricades were erected throughout the city and defended with desperate courage by the people.

The revolt had been effectually suppressed at the latest accounts. The loss of life was considerable.

**REVOLT IN SAXONY.**—A revolt took place at Chemettee on the 11th. Barricades were formed, and the operatives, reinforced by numbers from the suburbs had attacked the troops but were effectually overcome.

**AUSTRIA**—Vienna has again been the scene of bloodshed, and still continues in a most distracted state.

**HAMBURG.**—Some local disturbances have taken place in Hamburg.

**HUNGARY.**—The affairs of Hungary are becoming more and more conflicting.

**NORTHERN ITALY.**—Owing to the accepted mediation of France and England, Northern Italy is in a state of suspended hostility; but it is feared that influences are at work which will lead to a resumption of arms. The Army of the Alps, meanwhile, is to be reduced by one-half.

**NAPLES AND SICILY.**—The King of Naples has prorogued Parliament till the 2d of November, and the utmost alarm and anxiety is felt for the issue of hostilities. It is said that the French will oppose any farther efforts of Naples to subjugate the Sicilies.

**EMIGRATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN.**—A Liverpool paper states that within the last seven years no fewer than 854,000 persons have emigrated from that country, making nearly one-thirtieth of the whole population.

**DEATH OF MRS. MAFFITT.**—Mrs. Frances, wife of Rev. J. F. Maffitt, died in Brooklyn on Friday evening, 29th ult., aged 18 years and 7 months.

The mechanic at the present day wears a finer coat than bluff Henry VIII did, and the artisan of New York treads on a softer carpet than did old Queen Bess.

Mr. Stone, who was injured by a stone thrown from a blast on the Cheshire Railroad, has recovered \$3000 damage of the Railroad Company.

Mrs. Sarah, Campbell obtaining \$1,500 from Samuel Ringgold, lately, at Kent, Md. for a breach of marriage.

The Newton Bank situated at Newton Corner, Mass., which was organized last Spring, with a capital of \$100,000, went into operation on Thursday.

#### AGENT AT AUBURN, N. Y.

Mr J. A. Keyes, has been duly appointed agent for the Messenger and Ambassador, at Auburn, and his receipt for subscriptions will be valid.

S. C. BULKELEY & Co.

#### NOTICE.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Burville, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday, 25th and 26th of October. A general attendance and a good meeting will be confidently expected.

P. MORSE, Standing Clerk.

Henderson, Sept. 11, 1848.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

**ORCHARD-ST. CHURCH.**—Br. O. A. Skinner will preach the second of his Series of Sermons on creeds next Sunday morning. Subject—*the evils of human creeds.*

N. B. Services in the afternoon commence at 3 o'clock.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Blauveltville the third Sunday in October 15th inst., Morning and Afternoon, and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Woodbridge N. J., on the 4th Sunday in Oct. 22d inst at 1-4 before 11 A. M. and in the School House near Br. Tappan's in the evening.

#### Marriages.

Aug. 9th by the Rev. James Gallagher, OBADIAH HEDDER and SARAH T. WARD, all of Newark, N. J.

Aug. 23d., by the same, JOSEPH C. LITTLE, of Richmond Staten Island, to Miss ELLEN LEE, of N. J.

Aug. 31, by the same, NORRIS DICKENSON, of Newark, to Miss MARIA REY, of Hartford, Ct.

In Brooklyn, on Monday morning, 9th inst., by Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. RICHARD R. MORRIS, Merchant, of Pottsville, Pa., to Miss LUCY ANN BREWSTER, daughter of Mr. B. A. Brewster, of Brooklyn.

By Rev. Otis A. Skinner, in the Orchard street Church, Oct. 7th SIMEON L. FOWLER to Miss MARY HAGERMAN.

By the Rev. Otis A. Skinner, Oct. 7th, Mr. JOHN W. MOREY to Miss CAROLINE BARRY, both of Boston.

#### Deaths.

In Poughkeepsie, Sept. 28d, Mrs. Mary CANFIELD, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Canfield was an excellent woman. She possessed a kind disposition, and sought faithfully to discharge all her duties as a mother and as a Christian. She was modest and retiring in her manners, patient in affliction, and submissive in adversity. Her faith in the religion of Christ was strong, and its benign spirit was exemplified in her daily walk and conversation. She was a Christian in faith, and a Christian in practice. Her sickness was short, but painful; and her death is deeply lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends.

In this city, Sept. 30th, Caroline Canfield, aged 2 years.

On Saturday, the 16th Sept. 1848, Mrs. Elizabeth Dummore, relict of Mr. William Dummore in her 82d year.

Mrs. D. was a native of Perth, Scotland, but had been a resident of New York, since the year 1800—and for the last 10 years, was an inmate of the Asylum where she died. She will be remembered by many old friends for her amiability and kindness of heart.—*Com.*